

# LEG SHOW!

FOR THE  
MATURE READER

VOLUME ONE  
NUMBER SIX

SA

FEATURING:

CHRIS CHATYR

"KIPS & LEGS"



"MINE LEG SHOW"







# LEG SHOW

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### NUMBER SIX

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# Miss Leg Show

*A Short Story*

*by Leda Crane*



"On stage in ten minutes, Mr. Green!" The page-boy rapped loudly on my dressing-room door and yelled again. "Mr. Green! You in there, Sir?"

"Yeah. Yeah. So all right. I'll be there," I growled back. Never missed a cue in fifteen years and now they start giving me a hard time. Just because I'd been hitting the bottle a little more than usual lately. So I did show up late for dress rehearsal, so what? You'd think this was opening night at the Philharmonic instead of a stupid beauty contest. Not that I have anything against feminine pulchritude. Being MC at such spectaculars is my specialty. But this one was *too much*, even for me.

I snorted and fumbled with my cuff-links. Beauty contest? Hell, it wasn't even that. "First Annual Leg Show." Get that. *Leg Show*. A contest to choose the best pair of female legs in America. In Atlantic City, mecca of all beauty contests. Reporters, columnists, talent scouts, the whole she-bang were turned out for the big nite. We even had prime time on TV for the big deal. And—for legs, yet.

My disgusted mug peered back at me from the mirror. I slapped on some face powder and ad-

*Picture it. One hundred females mincing down a runway — and all anybody can see of any one of 'em is their legs!*



justed my tie. Actually, the guy who stared back at me wasn't too bad. For a guy, that is. In spite of the fact that he was approaching middle-age and had a couple of bags under his eyes from last night's pub-crawl.

So, who could blame a man, a *bosom*-man to be specific, from going out and tying one on—after spending three solid hours looking at *legs*. Yeah, that's right. Just *legs*, *legs*, *legs*. Not pretty faces or soft round breasts or wiggling hips. Just *legs*.

The mere thought of it made my temples start throbbing again. No amount of booze had wiped out that parade of limbs last nite. The gimmick of the whole contest, see, was to show only the contestants' legs. Brainstorm of some nutty press-agent, no doubt. The way they did it was to cover up the rest of the girls, from head to hips, with some kind of upside-down satin bag that made all of 'em look like something out of a Jean Cocteau nightmare.

Picture it. One hundred females mincing down a run-way and all anybody can see (or ever has seen) of any one of 'em is their *legs*! So help me that's all! Even in the preliminaries every contestant had to wear those silly torso-covering sacks. Sure, we had photos of the whole girl—but there was no way on earth you could match up the live legs with the photos. Because those contestants were kept under lock-and-key, before and after rehearsals.

Not that I gave a damn about seeing any one of them, anyhow. I stood up and fastened the maroon cummerbund around my waist. Some of those so-called

"beauties" out there tonight would have larger middles than my own, judging from their pictures. Some had pretty faces, some had slim waists and exciting hips, some even had bosoms that would put Mae West to shame—but none of 'em had anything, all in one combination, that would be attractive to a man, without those sacks that covered all but their legs.

What-the-hell. It was just a job. I'd go out there and flash my best toothy smile and sing rapturously about "Misses Legggg Show . . ." collect my dough, grab the next plane for the Coast. Why was I so upset about it?

Because I was getting lonely, that's why. Just plain, down-right lonely. Sure, I know lots of chicks. Wherever I go, in my business, the dames fall over me. They line up. I can have my pick. Yeah. Some pick. Frustrated wives with angry husbands. Simpering debutantes with angry fathers. Gold-diggers on the make. Actresses looking for publicity—what young starlet named Audrey was seen being squired about town by crooner Romeo Green?

Somewhere back in a secret corner of my befuddled brain I'd had hopes about this contest. Okay, I admit it was cornball—but just the same, I had hoped. Hoped at least one of these sweet young things, brought to Atlantic City from whistle-stops all over the country, might turn out to be *the* one. You know. The girl of my dreams, all that jazz. Yeah—every guy has one, no matter how "hip" he may seem on the surface.

The dressing table clock said I had seven minutes. Just time enough for one last snort before

I had to turn on the old Romeo Green charm while the cameras whirled. While the blurred sea of thousands of blobs of faces stared. Okay, so I had stage-fright. My hand shook a little as I poured a neat shot of J & B and slugged it down.

Even an old pro like me gets the willies opening nite. And it doesn't make a damn whether I'm the lead in a million dollar Broadway musical, with critics from the *Times* and *Tribune* out there ready to dissect me under their microscopic literary eyes—or on the road playing to a handful of hayseeds. The stage-fright comes, no matter how important or how insignificant the role may be.

As I put on my jacket and made one last check in the mirror, I remembered for the umpteenth time my very first opening nite. It was in Greenbrook, my home town. Amateur nite at the movies. I was standing in line backstage with a bunch of other terrified kids and this little four-year old doll came up and yanked my coat-tail.

"Mister—Mister Green," she lisped. "I think you are—you are—sen, sen, sen—say-shun-all!" Everybody laughed—but I felt a certain pride just being told I was sensational. Even by a little tyke hardly dry behind the ears. She was part of a team of real pros who came on to warm up the audience before all the hicks auditioned. A family of acrobats and jugglers. The poor kid was probably literally born in a trunk. Anyhow, I remember scooping her up in my arms after her little accolade—being careful not to





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crush her sequined tutu. I didn't give a damn that all the guys were snickering at me for hugging a baby girl. Because that little girl had said I was sensational. And she was a real trouper. With her wet kiss still dripping in my left ear-lobe, I went out there and wowed 'em. Those were the days when Amateur Nites were for real. I yodelled and crooned and warbled my way up thru the local radio shows and the nite-club circuits. Finally, I made it up to the big time—when "Romeo Green" was spelled out in blinking neon on the old Whiteway.

Funny I'd never heard one solitary word about that adorable little armful since that nite way back in Greenbrook. Don't think I hadn't tried. Just out of some kind of square nostalgia, a kind of paying-off-your-debts-now-that-you've-got-it-made attitude, I'd tried to track her down. But none of the agents had been able to find her or her family. She'd be, say, about twenty or so by now. Probably a *real* doll . . .

I shrugged and pulled myself away from my own half-smiling reflection. No amount of staring in the mirror would change the fact that I had to get out there and face it. No amount of day-dreaming would bring back that

squealing little imp who had the key to my anxieties.

Hell—I was beginning to sound like a smug analyst—even in my private conversations. I snapped the switch that doused the dressing table lites and slammed out into the corridor.

It was a smarl of TV technicians, frightened girls—who wouldn't be scared, with a hood over her head?—and hovering, fussing Mother-hens called chaperones. The whole ridiculous bunch were tripping over extension cables, empty pop bottles, used flash bulbs—all trying to get into position, ready for their cues.

All except one, that is. One female stood calmly near the ramp that led to the stage. She had the same stupid sack over the top part of her. But somehow it was as if she stood there nude. Or—as if she were completely clothed in the most expensive gown those nuts in Paris dream up.

There was this quality about her that made me stop dead in my tracks for a split second. At the time, and even now, I can't describe it. It was as if she were on her own little island. As if she were part of all the hub-bah and yet oblivious to it.

All I could see of her was her legs. Her long, slim, tapering, rippling legs. She crossed and uncrossed the slinky length of them. Her hip-high nylons made a silken hiss with her every movement. My temples began to throb—but it was a different throb from last nite's dress rehearsal nausea. *Definitely* different.

"On stage, Mr. Green!" It was the same damn page-boy the management had sicced onto me since the beginning of this farce.

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I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. "Okay, don't crowd me." I croaked. I let him lead me to the wings. But I couldn't get the image of those—those—nonchalant, yes, those *perfect* legs out of my consciousness. I shook my head. Shouldn't have taken that last snort. When a connoisseur of the female super-structure starts envisioning *legs* it's got to be one of two things; either he's had two too many or he's cracking up.

The rest of it is a dim, swimmy haze. Somehow I got out there and did the gig. People tell me it was one of my best. They say I sang it, the "Miss Leg Show" theme song, with my heart in my throat. They say women in the audience were swooning—when they weren't checking to see if their seams were straight. Men were forgetting their \$10 seats and stampeding the aisles shouting, "Bring on the legs!"

I wouldn't know. Like I said, it's all a dim, swimmy haze. Up until that delicious pair of gorgeous gams came ambling down the ramp and I sank to my knees.

Yeah, I really did. *That* I remember. Like some modern-day version of Al Jolson, I went down. First on one knee and then the other. Me. Romeo Green. Me. The Voice. I went down on both knees and kept on singing to that fantabulous pair of legs.

Every man, woman and dog in the place was on his feet screaming his head off. The judges handed me the crown and the scissors.

My hands weren't trembling when I cut off that satin sack. Maybe I knew already what was underneath. Maybe by now you do too.

The heavy cord that girdled her pelvis gave way. Okay so now my hands were trembling. I pulled the hem of the sack up over those softly swelling hips. Up to the unbelievably tiny, tapered waist. I couldn't help it. My hands had to linger there a moment. To savor, to sense, to feel the muscles rippling involuntarily beneath them.

Already I was on that island with her. That island of oblivion where we floated together in a Paradise of our own making. The shouts, the sea of faces that had been my whole life, receded into a meaningless horizon.

"Hsssst, Mr. Green! Take it off! The sack, Mr. Green. Take it off!" It was that same damn page-hoy needling me again.

Angrily, I ripped away the mask. The audience gasped but I didn't. Like I said, I knew what was underneath. Maybe you did too.

It was just—the most exquisite pair of breasts that ever gently rose and fell under a black satin sack. It was just—the most perfectly formed face that ever launched a thousand TV ratings.

It was just—just—It was that same great feeling that night in Greenbrook. Only this time she was taller. She didn't have to reach so far to whisper in my ear. And I didn't have to give a damn about anything except me and—Miss Leg Show.

What she said was . . . Well, I guess you know that already, too. It's been written up in the columns a jillion times by now. But so help me, what she really said was, "Mister—Mister Green . . . I still think you are—sin, sin, sin—sational!"

THE END

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Sophisticated Jane is a very popular young lady but says she has yet to meet the man she'd like as her "one and only." Meanwhile she plays the field and prefers the athletic, out-doorsy type.







*"Legs*

*from*



*London"*

*No. 6...*





*... Jane Matthews ...*

Miss Matthews not only works as showgal and model, but manages to find time for her favorite sport, horseback riding, in London's suburbs, all year round. She vacations in France frequently, says St. Trope is her idea of paradise. When her current contracts in London are ended, she hopes to audition for the well-known "Blue Bell Girls" of Paris' Lido club.







VS.



which do you love the most?



by

**CARLSON WADE**



Jayne Mansfield and Diana Dors, the look-alike blonde bombshells, make the front pages when they pucker up their juicy red lips with a "come on over" facial expression. The next day, the famed New York *Latin Quarter* hangs out a "standing room only" sign because a dozen long-stemmed beauties are dancing the can-can. Their legs are admired, made love to (wishfully, that is); the breathtaking sight of a dozen pair of long limbs flashing seductively is enough to turn any man's head.

Lips are capable of stirring the emotions just as are the legs. As we all know, every girl has a pair

of both of these sensuous parts and she knows how to use them, too! Both parts have sex appeal. The question is—which part is more exciting? When you happily enjoy a close up of a girl's lips,

do you care about her legs? Or, when you think of running your palm along the sleek length of silk-smooth leg flesh, do you care about her lips?

Sure, you like a combination of both. Yet, sociologists have discovered that most virile men have a preference. They may not admit it; they are often bashful about confessing that a pair of legs can be more exciting to the libido than a pair of lips. But when they flock to film houses, night spots, strip joints, they express secret desires to make love to either the lips or the legs. Let's examine both of these delightful parts of the female and see how they stir the vitals.





#### LIPS: STANDARDS OF BEAUTY

The female lips may be possessed of the greatest beauty if they could arouse the Arabian poet Hafez who wrote: "Lips that outblush the ruby red, with luscious dews of sweetness fed." Beautiful lips are those which are soft, smooth, slightly moistened. A beautifully formed pair of lips in an attractive girl gives her a hedonistic air.

The law of exquisite beauty (harmony and proportion) requires that her mouth (that most expressive and eloquent feature of her face) shall be of medium size, but smaller in woman than in man, extending but little beyond the nostrils. The curve of the upper lip is said to have supplied ancient artists with the model for the *bow of cupid*. This curve extends beyond the lower lips. It must, however, be more

fully developed and rounded, turning outward so as to leave between it and the chin a gracefully curved hollow.

The teeth must be small, slightly rounded and perfectly even and white. A beautiful and well-shaped pair of lips is stimulating to the emotions of the male. The lips possess a certain intimacy; they may be compared to other parts of her body such as the breasts, her thighs, rounded tummy, even her legs.

Men have always become stimulated by beautiful lips and probably always will. Even Milton's stern lyre was tuned to sweet songs about "the vermilion-stained lips." Other poets have exaggerated the color of a girl's lips which are normally pink and not ruby or vermillion. The exaggerated redness of her lips pro-

vided by lipstick serves to call attention to their beautiful soft, moist flesh.

Peter Pan described his mother's lips as being full of cherries; a description which, while it may express their sweetness is hardly their normal color—but it illustrates the color that men would like to see in lips of beautiful girls. The average man prefers lips of beautiful form; the color should be bright pink. Between the lips should be glimpsed pearly teeth which are small, equal in size, sparkling and well-arranged.

In Moslem nations, the face of the woman is so sexually exciting that tradition and religion command her to wear a veil. It is already known to outsiders that when a Moslem girl removes her veil and exposes a pair of lips, it is just as if a Western girl were



to suddenly drop her clothes and reveal her body in the altogether!

Lips are as sensuous as the legs—even more so!

## LIPS: FOR KISSING ONLY



The most powerful use for a girl's lips is that of kissing. (Let's forget about eating. You can always eat by yourself. But can you kiss yourself?) The girl who pursues her soft, red lips, who closes her eyes and offers these choice mouth coverings to her lover, is the girl who can turn a mild man into a passionate Casanova. The exciting drama of love-play has the kiss as its prelude. And lips are needed for this little play.

The "innocent" kiss is one in which the lips are pressed against the brow or hand. This kiss is not as innocent as you may imagine. The kiss goes further—from the brow, the lips press against the eyes, the nose tip, the soft cheeks, the lips of the beloved, the dainty chin, then the soft hollow of the throat and . . . let your imagination happily continue on.

The lips are favored by those who enjoy kissing games and others who like to experiment and explore the limits of their curious natures. But these varieties of the genus kiss do not make the most of the lips. The *erotic kiss* is the highest pleasure ever possible with lips and this may be the secret for their preference over legs. The erotic kiss is mutual; it is given and received from lips to lips with mutual pleasure and pressure.

The noted Th. H. Van de Velde, M.D. in *Ideal Marriage*

cheers the power of the lips by writing, "The erotic kiss itself is rich in variations. It may 'brush the bloom' like a butterfly's wing by a light stroking of the lips with other pursed lips; be, as it were, an 'effleurage,' to use the technical term of massage therapy for gentle stroking, and of poetry for fleeting, hardly perceptible contacts.

"From its lightest, faintest form, it may run the gamut of intimacy and intensity to the pitch of *Maraichinage*, in which the couple, sometimes for hours, mutually explore and caress the inside of each other's mouths with their tongues, as profoundly as possible. But it is indisputable that the greatest penetration in kissing is not for all lovers the same as the maximum pleasure and stimulation. Mastery of this art is a matter of delicate differences rather than of one limited and sharply defined style."

Now for a little surprise—lips are further in demand than the legs because the lips possess a weapon—the tongue! Dr. Van de Velde points out, "The tongue is indispensable in the erotic kiss; and 'plays lead' in its most important variations. This may take the form of vigorous and pronounced penetration, but in a much more subtly differentiated manner than among the primitive. Indeed, the tongue-kiss is most captivating when the tip of the tongue very lightly and gently titillates the beloved's tongue and lips."

A poet once rhapsodized, "And I will drink thy kisses." How true. Kisses should be drunk, or at least, *sipped*, not seized with greed. Furthermore, lips are used

for other body parts and this enhances their range of activity. A body kiss produces a different kind of pleasure, whether given or received, and lip-lovers are quick to further emphasize that stimulations received by the partner being kissed are wholly tactile; the kisser receives through lips and tongue-tip and transmits to the conscious nerve-centers in the brain the twin sensations of touch and scent. These have aphrodisiacal powers; Ovid wrote in *Ars Amatoria* that a man who has stolen a kiss and does not know how to steal the rest deserves to lose his advantage.

Dr. Van de Velde tells us, "The body kiss plays a distinctly primitive *atfactory* or *inhalation* method—far more so than the typical mouth to mouth kiss of the West; and not only for the active partner but for the passive as well. For the peculiar sensations which the nerves of the outer epidermis receive are felt as extremely agreeable by many persons, and apparently consciously registered as such—by women, especially."

The current frenzy for lips is more than just a passing fancy or a fad. In some cases, it may be termed a fetish, or partialism—that is, preference for one part of the body with scant interest in any other body part. But the truth is that lip-lovers have discovered the heavenly pleasures of this body part. To some lip-lovers, the rest of the girl is obsolete but this is really carrying it too far. After all, what good are a pair of lovely, slim or fullsome lips if the girl doesn't come with the whole deal?



LIPS

VS.

LEGS



#### LEGS ARE FOR MORE THAN STANDING!

At the turn of this century, during the so-called Gay Nineties, a girl's legs were hidden by voluminous folds of skirts and under-skirts and more under-skirts and more under-skirts. Legs were for standing and little else. But as the age of enlightenment encroached upon this staid attitude, legs became more prominent. They were displayed, revealed, exposed—right up to the pelvis. And everyone discovered that legs can be used for more purposes than merely the utilitarian one of standing.







The French can-can, at least a century ago, insisted that legs were beautiful; legs had a sensuous quality all their own. Or—*legs were made for love . . . love . . . love ! ! !* In fact, the confirmed leg-lover will give many reasons why he favors a pair of lean or fullsome stems which can be delightfully stimulating.

The ardent lover maintains that when the soft flesh of the leg is caressed, when his fingertips slowly enclose the delightful bulge of the calf muscle, when his entire hand possesses the globular thigh, the emotions are sent shooting to the moon! The palm of his hand has the power to send electrifying waves of turgid passion streaming through the length of the lovely leg which is so fortunate to be blessed with such devotion. All the while, confides the experienced paramour, he is able to taste the fruits of her lips! This gives him two pleasures which are certainly better than one!

The confirmed leg-lover, however, is one who devotes the full scope of his attention to this limb. If he want to double his enjoyment, he savours both legs. Furthermore, the leg-lover will argue with his enemy, the lip-lover by declaring, "At least I can kiss the leg—that's double pleasure. You can only kiss lips!" Well, futile as it may be, this argument can continue on indefinitely. One conclusion has to be agreed upon: legs can be very exciting.

#### LEGS REGARDED AS FETISH

The man who dismisses the rest of the female body and devotes his *full* attention to legs is regarded as having a fetish—that is, he is completely absorbed with just one single body part. The













male will delight in subjection; he becomes erotically stimulated by kneeling at the foot of his beloved. He delights in worshipping the leg since this caters to his desire to be humiliated and forced to a condition of slavery.

To such individuals, the leg knows no equal. Many leg-lovers who insist that this part of the body is without compare, are really fetishists who may or may not be aware of their longings. They would do well to understand this form of human behaviour as it may be a key to everlasting pleasures—or a nightmare!

Partial beauty has a strong appeal to many. Such men may not necessarily become aroused by a woman because of her beautiful hands; but she is stimulating because of her lovely hair, her mysterious eyes or a full breast or long shapely legs and trim ankles. The leg lover will be fully satisfied with his selection of a partner if her lower limbs meet his approval.

#### OVERALL BEAUTY IS GREATEST JOY

Alexander Pope once wrote,  
" 'Tis not the lip, or eye, we  
beauty call. But the joint force

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and full result of all." Perhaps this is true. But who can deny that when we look at a pair of stocking-clad legs, our attention is so absorbed by the smooth silky limb, we forget all else? And, the leg lover will also maintain that the legs have variety. After all, a pair of lips can be painted with lipstick but that is as far as it can go. But legs can be charmingly decorated with sheer hosiery, silk stockings of shades ranging from blushing pink to midnight black. The toe nails can be painted with as many colors as exist in the universe. As for shoes to cover the feet, there is no limit to such ornamentation.

But true beauty is not a piecemeal affair. A girl is not to be classed as beautiful merely because she has shapely ankles or firm, well-rounded breasts or beautiful hair and eyes. The





whole girl, the *ensemble*, and not some particular part of her is the true standard of beauty.

The sum-total of bodily perfection depends upon the beauty and correlation of all parts of the body—her hair, her eyes, her skin, her lips, her hands, her legs and feet, her neck and trunk, her arms and lower limbs; and the bosom must be beautiful and harmoniously constituted. Seductive eyes and a "kissable mouth," shapely legs and well-trimmed ankles, admirable as these are, do not alone create full beauty in a girl.

A Persian ruler who had nearly 300 naked slave girls in his harem, was aroused by one who stood out from all the others. He wrote his emotional stimulations in these words: "I was in love with a maiden who was all grace and perfection, beautiful of shape,

and gifted with all imaginable charms. Her cheeks were like roses, her forehead lily white, her lips coral, she had teeth like pearls and breasts like pomegranates.

"Her mouth opened round like a ring, her tongue seemed to be painted with precious gems, her eyes black and finely slit, had the languor of slumber, and her voice the sweetness of sugar. With her form pleasantly filled out, her flesh was mellow like fresh butter and pure as the diamond."

Further exploring the mysteries of the beauty, this Persian connoisseur of femininity gasps out that "her pointed breasts jutted smoothly, conically to the sides; they were not big and rounded like turnips, as were those of the other women I had known; they were tapered like sugar-beets, each set with a sweet red ruby. Her waist was slender, her abdomen did not protrude; her lips flared gently and merged gracefully with well-rounded thighs. Her bare legs were models of perfection.

"I drank in her exquisite beauty, her perfectly formed feet, her arms with their soft, tapering hands, her sun-tanned skin with the softness of velvet and the texture of fine silk. Surely the goddess of poetry had fashioned this beauteous blossom and filled her with the heavenly perfume of young innocence."

Now that you have sampled a bit of the heavenly beauty enjoyed by this Persian, ask yourself this question: lips or legs—which do you love the most? Or—do you like everything else that goes with these parts?

THE END



Set 'A'

(dancers)



Set 'B'

(showgals)



Set 'C'

(models)



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**Petite Pins:  
Madeline Roberts**



Mlle. Roberts is one of Paris' prettiest showgirls. She stands only 5'2" in her black nylons and knows how to make the most of her petiteness with frills and feathers, ruffles, lace, and piles of fur. The curves of her pretty "pins" are accentuated by her black hosiery and French high heels...









Doll-like Madeline is much in demand in Parisian clubs not only because of her adorable sexiness but also because of her talent — she's an expert dancer and chanteuse.







...and she appeared in the stage shows of such famous clubs as the Viper in Love, L'Amiral, and The Crazy Horse Saloon where she was last seen wowing a packed house with her luscious curves and sweet voice.





Highland Flare

Jean Gray







*Jeannie  
says all Scotch  
lassies have lovely legs—  
it comes from dancing the  
Highland Fling. She's a real*





*Jean Gray*



*"party girl." With her around,  
who needs Scotch whiskey?*



*She's 100 proof  
dynamite!*





# Highland Fling







Jean scintillatingly athletic, it might be an occasional "wet deckhand" as well as the Highland Fling that puts the bloom in her cheeks and the curve on her nose. What's the reason may be, we vote "Aye" for the model!









*Queen of Legs*

*Presenting . . .*

**CHRIS  
CARTER**





# Miss Leg Show



"Miss Leg Show No. 6" is Danish-born Chris Carter whose many endowments made it impossible to consider any other model for the title. She's that rarity, a genuine blonde, and her figure is the epitome of symmetry. But most important of all her charms are her long, slim, perfectly proportioned . . . LEGS!







Chris keeps her beautiful body that way by plenty of outdoor exercise. Her favorite sport is skiing. She's so serious about it, she does 25 push-ups a day just to keep in shape for the slopes. She neither smokes nor drinks, but isn't a moralist about it — says she loves night-clubbing, especially with a guy who's a good dancer. One of her current beaux is even taking weekly lessons so he can be up on the latest steps to please Chris. He says it's worth it — and who wouldn't agree? Imagine holding Chris in your arms for a whole enchanted evening!




Leggy Miss Carter is a real "eager beaver" — in addition to the skiing, the push-ups, the dancing, and the modelling, she collects antiques and china, plans to open her own Antique Shop as soon as she saves enough to buy



the equipment. Chris lovingly refinishes each of her "finds" by hand, which is a slow and tedious process. She reports that half the fun of collecting antiques is the search for them, and the interesting people she meets on her excursions.



## Queen of Legs



If you agree with us that Chris is a knock-out in these exclusive black-and-white photos, then you're sure to flip your lid over the treat that's coming up on the next two pages: our Queen of Legs, in unclothed glory, in unbelievably realistic color. This magnificent photo has been inserted in the magazine so that the reader can lift it out intact simply by loosening the staples. Frame it, hang it by your bed—and, sweet dreams!!!





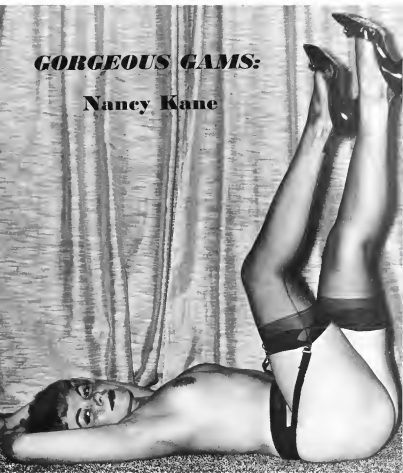






***GORGEOUS GAMS:***

**Nancy Kane**







West Coast model Nancy Kane was recently awarded the title of "Most Gorgeous Gams" by a photographers' association. A student at UCLA, Nancy is majoring in dramatics and has her heart set on an acting career. Meanwhile, to develop that quality so necessary to the profession, "stage presence," she finds modelling is a wonderful teacher and says the photographers she's worked for have given her some



## GORGEIOUS GAMS:

### Nancy Kane



invaluable tips. For instance, whenever she's on stage and has an attack of the inevitable "stage fright," she pretends there is no audience, just a friendly cameraman on the other side of the footlights — and her poise and self assurance come back,





Nancy lives with her family in the L.A. suburbs but has her own apartment with a private entrance.







... Leglets, ...





... Mary Sutton ...

*Lolita-like Mary had to produce a birth certificate to convince our photographer she was over eighteen. He calls her "Little Miss Leglets," because, in spite of her miniature proportions, her legs are shapely and exciting.*



... Leglets ...









... Leglets ...



*Mary is the domestic type and spends her spare time cooking delicious and exotic dishes for herself and her room mate. (The roomie is a model, too — she's Mimi Fontane, our voluptuous cover girl.) One of Mary's specialties is "canard roti," roast duck cooked in the French manner ...*

... Mary Sutton ...





Announcing...



... The Third Round ...

of the

Loveliest Limbs Contest

.. Prizes!

Prizes!...

... Win ...

\$50 - 1st prize

... Plus ...

An Original Portrait of the Winner's  
Legs by the Famous Leg-artist Stanton!



For the Runners-up: 3 pairs of sheerest  
black opera length  
nylons—seamless or  
with pencil—thin  
jet black seams!



... Turn the page for the new Semi-Finalists!



*Our Loveliest Limbs Contest is coming into the last stretch! We'll be sorry to see it end — but the mailman will be glad! Reader response has been fantastic. Unfortunately some of the loveliest entries were too blurred or out of focus for us to reproduce. Now, here are the new*

### *Semi-Finalists!*

...MARY GRAHAM



— Philadelphia ...



*Mrs. Graham writes that her hobby is flower arranging. Mr. Graham is a lucky guy!*



...TINA MYERS — Oklahoma City...



*Next year's first graders are in for a treat  
— Tina plans to be a schaal teacher...*

...RITA LEE — Detroit...



*Miss Lee works as a secretary and hopes to become a model.  
We'd hire her, anytime!!!*

...BRIGITTE BODEN — West Berlin...



*Her C. I. boy friend sent this  
snapshot of Brigitte, and wrote  
that she's 38"-25"-37".*

*Loveliest Limbs Contest*



BETTY NORTON — Chattanooga, Tenn. . . .



*This booted beauty is a majorette in the city band and recently placed first in a twirling contest.*

## *Loveliest Limbs Contest*

... PAMELA GOLDEN — Brooklyn ...



*Semi-Finalists!*

*Pamela is studying to be an X-ray technician. Photography is her hobby — but we say she's on the wrong side of the camera!*



...DEBORAH JOHNSTON — Detroit...

...DAISY COLLINS

*Another eye-ful from Detroit is Debbie, who works there as an interior decorator.*



— Biloxi, Miss. ...



*This charming Southern Belle writes that she often wears a daisy in her hair to suit her name.*





*Penny is another housewife, and the mother of two little girls.*



*Loveliest Limbs Contest*

ENTRANCE BLANK

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Street)

(City)

(Zone)

(State) Mail to:

Hosiery size: \_\_\_\_\_ Leg Length: \_\_\_\_\_

No. of photos enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby grant Selbee Associates, Inc., the right to reproduce the enclosed photos:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature)

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135 W. 56 Street  
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*Hurry, hurry, readers! Send in a (clear, please!) snapshot of your favorite pair of Lovely Limbs. Be sure your model signs the "release" on the entry blank . . . To be eligible for the final round of the contest, get your pics in the mail by midnite, June 1st, 1963. Grand Prize Winners will be announced in the next issue of LEG SHOW (the 7th issue will be titled "LEG SHOW, Volume Two, Number One.") Contestants must not be professional models, must be over 18 years of age, and must not be related to or employed by the staff or publishers of LEG SHOW in any manner. No photos will be returned without a stamped, self-addressed envelope from the sender. Decisions of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And now . . .*

**BRING ON THE LOVELY LEGS!**



... *Three-Star Thighs:* ★★★

*Mimi Fontana*



As opposite as nite and day are two of this issues models, Mary Sutton (whom you saw in the preceding pages) and Mimi. Our voluptuous cover girl is statuesque and "stacked," with a different but equally exciting kind of beauty. Her sleek full thighs rate "three stars" for sex appeal.





★★★★



★★★





Mimi is originally from Italy and exudes that special kind of earthy sexiness which helped many of her countrywomen achieve fame on the screen. She, too, aspires to an acting career, and has already appeared in a feature film in a supporting role.















Mimi and her little American room mate, Mary Sutton, get along together famously. They spend their leisure moments teaching each other their respective languages, and are saving their extra model's fees toward a lengthy European trip. But Mimi swears she'll only go for a visit, because she likes America best.





# LEGS from LETTERS

## "ENCORE"

Leg Show Editors:

On page 57 of issue number five there is a small picture in the upper right hand corner which intrigues me. The model is a dark haired girl, wearing a black lace corset and high heels, and she's standing in front of a surrealistic painting or scenery with a huge hand in it.

Please explain and please print

more pictures of this model. Who is she?

... R.H.M.

Sacramento, Calif.

*(Sorry, we have no explanation — photographers are a special breed and often come up with some unusual and bizarre ideas including far-out sets. This model asked to remain anonymous, but here are more pics of her and crazy background.—Ed.)*





## "A VOTE FOR THE OLD"

Dear Sirs:

It is a sign of the times that women are now reading magazines such as yours and are even sending you immodest pictures of themselves. It is one thing for men to read these magazines privately — but the very idea of showing them to their wives and girl friends would have been unthinkable a generation ago.

Someone even told me you have a woman on your staff!

What has happened to the sweet old fashioned girl who dressed demurely and devoted herself to the care of her home and family?

... R.C.S.

Boston, Mass.

*(Today's woman lives in an anxious world which was made that way by men. Yes, we have women on our staff, and they are serious, efficient, business-like, and make the office more pleasant. Their attitude and that of our female readers is a wholesome one regarding sex — they think it's natural and fun. We say they're a lot healthier and happier than they would be if they were bound to the kitchen and the cradle the way Grandma was.—Ed.)*

## "A VOTE FOR THE NEW"

Dear Sirs:

In issue number five I was very impressed with the two young ladies, A.M. & S.M., who wrote that they are fans of yours. They are typical

of the new, modern, woman. Men today are very lucky to be able to find mates who are as understanding as these. The men who marry those two sisters are sure to have a happy future. Women who are so frank about sex and who try to dress to please men can be sure their husbands will have no desire for other women.

If you would give my name and address to the girls who wrote you I would be happy to correspond with them.

Sincerely,

P.L.S.

Washington, D. C.

*(Thanks for the compliments. Maybe readers A.M. & S.M. will see your letter — but we cannot reveal the names and addresses of our readers. We only print initials, and sometimes do not even print the name of the home town if it is so small that the reader could easily be identified. We're sorry when we can't introduce readers who seem to have so much in common, but this is the publishers policy.—Ed.)*



## "WIFELY CHARMS"

Dear Sirs:

People say my wife has very attractive legs. Don't you agree? Enclosed is her signed release . . .

Sincerely,

F.R.S.

Albany, N. Y.



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In reply to T.O.C. who wrote in "Leg Show" No. 5, page 62, that he likes girls in black hose, permit me to say that he does not know much about style and fashion, and evidently his neighbor doesn't either, if she really wears black nylons all the time!

Black hosiery is meant to be worn in the evening only, and then only if the rest of the ensemble is black or a dark color. In the daytime, either tan or beige shades are proper, although in recent years pastel hues of pink, green, blue, and yellow are acceptable when worn with clothing of the same color.

I don't mean to sound like a "know-it-all" but the fact is that I'm a women's clothing designer and manufacturer and feel qualified to speak authoritatively on this subject. Black hose, especially when worn in the broad daylight, make a woman look brazen and cheap. The very reason that "pin-up" models wear them is to call extreme attention to their legs, to increase their "sex appeal." I have no objection

to that, or to black nylons when worn in the evening, but never in the daytime. I say, let's keep sex in the bedroom and not parade those black hose on the streets!

Yours truly,  
V.B.R.  
Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

P.S.

Enclosed is a photo of my wife, getting dressed in what I consider a conservative yet appealing costume. On the back of the picture is her permission signed by her for you to print it, if you wish.



# "ADMIRER"

Dear Editor:

Bravo for your magazines! They're the best on the stands. I think it's a fine idea to have a part of each one where readers can voice their opinions, and I admire the way you print the critical ones as well as the flattering ones. Your contest has made me aware there are plenty of beautiful girls all over the United States. Somehow I thought they were all in Hollywood or New York. Now I've been looking around my home town (especially at legs!) and have discovered some real knockouts!

Enclosed are some snapshots of my new girl friend. Also, her signed release saying you may print them. She is not eligible for your contest, however, because she has been a professional model.

Yours truly,  
H.T.U.  
Jackson, Miss.



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sets. Sample \$5.

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... From H.T.U. ...



## "A REAL READER"

Dear Sirs:

I like to look at pictures of pretty girls as much as any guy who's normal . . . but I also like to read articles and fiction. Your magazine supplies both and it is one of the few on the stands that does not talk down its nose to the reader. Even the little comments about the models are clever. Don't make the mistake of so many publishers who think the reader is really a looker and wants only pictures.

You have two writers I like best: Lee Garamond and M. E. Marlowe. Next time you are in contact with them, tell them their stories are entertaining and well written.

Sincerely,  
C.E.N.  
Kansas City

## "A NON-READER"

Dear Sirs:

Your magazine is so popular at our local news stands I have to reserve a copy or they're sold out the first day.

Allow me to make one criticism: Why not put less words and more girls on the pages? You are wasting your money buying stories and reports and all that stuff because no one reads it anyhow. You ought to spend the dough buying more pictures. That way you'd please all your so-called "readers" who are really NON-readers, believe me.

Very truly yours,  
G.G.B.  
Montgomery, Ala.

(The above two letters show how many different opinions people have — so we'll continue to publish a variety of material, both fiction and non-fiction, but always with plenty of gals with gorgeous gamut—Ed.)

## "REQUEST"

Dear Sirs:

There is a young model and starlet on the West Coast who looks much like Judy Garland and has the same beautiful legs. I believe her name is Mary Carroll. If you could find some pictures of her and put them in your magazine it would please me and my buddies. We have written to a photographer in Hollywood to order some pin-ups of her for our barracks, but he did not answer.

We hope you can grant our request.

Very truly yours,  
S/Sgt. L.A.C.  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



(For the GI's at Fort Lauderdale)



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